DWYYON.

Aspects of the Sport in South and West -Game Fowl Bred to Many States and Some Journals to Boom the Trade 45.27 Favorite Breeds and The Training.

> There is not much cockfighting now in the East except under the rose, but in the South and in many parts of the West the sport flourishes as it did in England 200 years' ago, when 'even 'clergymen were enthusiasts in rearing and pitting blooded fowl. To a cocker all poultry breeds, no matter how fertile as a producer of egge or how succulent on the table, are common and despised except the thoroughbred game-"never licked until dead, their heads always to the foe and desperate fighters." About New York the law against cockfighting is enforced strictly-for instance, fortywere fined \$10 each the other day, with the principals still to be sentenced; vet there are mains held on the quiet in the city or suburbs every winter. Yet there is always the risk of detection.

A novice at a Westchester main that was raided once had to cover two miles of fields with a constable in chase. He said the sport was too much like cross-country running for a man out of training to enjoy The fear of being pulled in and fined the next morning in a police court, however, does not deter a few New York votaries of cockfighting from taking long chances to enjoy the sport that most fascinates. This accounts for the three or four dozen men in evening dress who were marched under arrest from a main being held in a private stable near Fifth avenue two years ago. The Magistrate soaked fines at them next day in a way to faze even a motorist. One of the great mains used to be pulled off annually between stags (young cocks) owned by members of the New York and the Jersey City police. A breeder had in nerve to place a sign over his gamecocks at the Madison Square Garden poultry show declaring: This strain won the main for the New York police." Fred Grant was chief of police then and read the notice in company with a minister he was showing through the show. After recovering from the shock Brig.-Gen. Grant took steps to wipe out the main and make it but to memory dear.

Although cockers care nothing for the

barnyard fowls, there are many of New York's gentlemen farmers who keep the game strains for their beauty, their eggs and meat, without thinking of ever pitting their cocks or stags. The majority of those who exhibit in the game fowl classes even of pit games, at the New York show are of this class. An exception is D. G. Hatfield of Rahway, N. J., who fearned to love the sport before the war, when Governors and Senators thought it no harm to gather around a pit. He has had game fowl for fifty years and remembers when there were both private and public cockhere were both private and public cock-lits in New York city.

In the South there is no beating about

the bush and men do not shirk from being known as cookers. Instead they glory in their strains as the highest types of courage and loyalty, from which intelligent ortals may derive more than one lesson decency and grit. Hundreds attend big mains and make their living by training the birds for them. Technically they are called "feeders," and their tasks begin when the cocks or stags are brought in from the farms where they have been "walked." They are dieted to be in condition for the fray, and with an arm wrapped in a cloth or shawl a "feeder" will spar a bird for hours each day. The cock files high at the hours each day. The cock flies high at the cloth and hits it vigorously with muffed heels, for they have no more fear of a man than a lion has, the exercise making the birds as hard as nails in muscles and flesh.

There are probably fifty journals devoted to cocking throughout the South, and even one in New York State. They thrive through one in New York-State. They thrive through for sale advertisements of game stags and sittings of eggs from breeders, the announcements from dealers in cocker's supplies, such as gaffs, spur saws, sparring muffs and hand carrying coops, besides some kindred advertising. The reading matter is largely reports of mains and hacks, in which there is no suppression of the incidents. "One Who Was There" sent a report of three hacks in the Tampa, Fla., pit on March 1. This extract from the report reveals that cockfighters have their merciful side and also something of the method of reporting pit battles:

"Hack 3d—Wright of Bradertown, a red, looked to be a Warhorse; Tampa, a red, looked to be a Warhorse; Tampa, a red, looked to be a Warhorse. This was a fast and a hard fight. The Wright cock had the best of it up to the third pitting, when Tampa got in the lead and won a good, fast fight.

"We had three more cocks to fight, but had to give way to the Cubans, as they have

We had three more cocks to fight, but had to give way to the Cubans, as they have the pit leased for Sunday. I don't like their fighting, as it is cruel to see the poor little

the pit leased for Sunday. I don't like their fighting, as it is cruel to see the poor little fellows cut blind and pecked up. They fight them with their own heels, and you would be surprised to see how the little fellows can cut. They run in weight from two and a naif to three pounds. I have seen them uncouple each other."

Another note is of the fourth hack in a main at Carlisle, Pa., on New Year's Day: "A gentleman named Haren stepped in the pit with a broody looking cook, said to be a Blackhackle, 5.02: Spahr matched him with a 4.13 Mount Boy. Here was where every one was kept guessing, as the Mount Boy was cut blind in both swes. But that did not stop him, as he fought just as good blind and kept hunting and plugging the Blackhackle for forty-five minutes, when he was given the fight. It was certainly a well extraed victory. But the hero died the following afternoon. Here was a cock that showed up to the last as game as any man could wish so see and was a credit to the man that bred him. Quite a lot of money changed hands on this fight."

Indicating the extent of the business, there are seventy-four display advertisements in one recent copy of a game 'owl' trade paper, besides many small cards.

there are seventy-four display advertisements in one recent copy of a game lowl trade paper, besides many small cards from breeders of the birds. The bulk of the advertisers have their yards in the South, but there are a few from the North, notably Ohio, Colorado, New York and Connecticut. The estate of Mortimer Kennedy Flagg, the lawyer who shot himself accidentally as he was steeping from an automobile before he was stepping from an automobile before his home at Briarcliff Manor on March 13, announces a dispersal sale of game breeds Exhibiting as Game Feather Farm, the deceased was a winner vearly in game fowl classes at the New York poultry show. Three of the advertising breeders announce they are all sold out until the fall, presumably an indication that they have birds that are in demand and win battles.

that are in demand and win battles.

As with the thoroughbred and the trotting horse, there are many distinct families of game fowl, and the breeders advertise their strains by the familiar names, together with such commendations as "very cocky and game." "the same I have bred for fifty years," "now in good feather and ready to fight," &c. Prices quoted are moderate enough, many cocks being offered at \$5 and yards-of a cock and four hens at \$20. The valuations look small in comparison with the catalogie prices of game fowl at the New York show.

the catalogue prices of game fowl at the New York show.

The names of the strains are decidedly sporty. Of imported foundation fowl noted are Hard Black Grays and Whitehackles from County Down, Ireland; Irish Belfast reds, Earl of Derby reds from England, Lord Derbles from the same country. Combatants du Nord from France, Cuban reds and Mexican muffs, with Jungles, the Assel fighting cocks from India, and many variations on American crossos. Some families of American strains are the Shawlnecks, Warhorses, Ginn grays, Black Devils, Grist Gradys, Bushwhackers, Roundheads, Shawnes, Corsairs and Claibornes.

Astrain may obtain its name by accident, but it is always kept pure and bred back

but it is always kept pure and bred back on the variation that first gained recog-nition for it. Take as an instance the Claibornes. In 1849 Charlie Fairf'x, an ardent occker, arrived at New Orleans ardent cocker, arrived at New Orleans | pended from the from England as a passenger on Capt. | least two years.

Nest Morse's cotton schoener. He brought along a noble, black red game stag believed to be a pure Earl Derby. Judge Claiborne of Alabama was fighting a main of cocks in connection with other friends of his. These fights were held in the old Mission House known as the Spanish cockpit of New Orleans. Fairfax was induced to lend this cock to their opponents, and he was brought in and fought and was badly whipped and thrown aside. Jim Sanford, who was Judge Claiborne's handler, was an Englishman, and having great faith in everything that came from the old country, nursed the cock back to health and the next season he bred him to a black hen of Spanish blood. The produce of this experiment was thirteen cocks, which when fought proved so successful that the frequenters of the pit would ask if he was one of Judge Claiborne's. Sanford kept on breeding the strain, to which the name Claiborne became attached.

Besides a great main between Georgia cockers and cocks for \$5,000 on the main and \$500 on each of ten matches, held in December at Montgomery, Ala., the April issue of one journal devoted to the game fowl gives reporte of twenty-one cockfights. Two private mains of six matches were held "near Red Hook, N. Y." There is also a report of the raid on the Laurel Hill pit on February 23, copied from a New York paper, in which seventy-six men and a hundred gamecocks were caught, with an account of the trial in the Long Island City police court. By way of comment on this raid a contributor writes: "Private mains, and to be kept quiet afterward, is the only safe method of continuing the business. There were six of my cocks in Brooklyn to be fought in a main the

the business. There were six of my cocks in Brooklyn to be fought in a main the next day after the raid and I had them shipped back to me."

Incidental notes reveal how earnest the cockers are in their sport and its details. In answering a New York city inquirer the editor of one paper states that under the rules generally used in the South he can

rules generally used in the South he can use any length of spur, if round from socket to point. He adds: "A cock that carries a 2½ inch steel or gaff successfully has got to be a master in his line, and the man who puts them on has also got to know his business. A gaff of 1½ to 1½ inches comes nearer to nature and it strikes us that that which is matural would be easiest to handle." Steels give quick action and are less punishing than the bare heel fights conducted by the Cubans, as noted from Tamps.

bare heel fights conducted by the Cubans, as noted from Tampa.

One of the printed letters is an appeal for a revision of the Philadelphia rules. To demonstrate they are obsolete attention is called to Article II., "The cock or stag must be weighed enciosed in a small bag and then two ounces deducted for the bag and then two ounces deducted for the bag and the cather." The total ways are the conducted for the bag and the cather." then two ounces deducted for the bag and feathers." Instead, when cooks are brought into the pit each handler places his bird upon old fashioned balances, without hood or bag. If the match list calls for a 5.07 a cock is "right" if he does not "draw down" 5.10. Although the bag has been discarded the cocks are still allowed three ounces off for "hood and feathers." Article III., which provides that cocks must not be cut out for battle until after they are weighed, is also obsolete. No cock is weighed until it is brought to the pit trimmed out, heeled and ready for battle. Still it is allowed three ounces. As a result in Philadelphia mains the cocks are really three ounces heavier he cocks are really three ounces heavier

than the reported weight.

There are sidelights to indicate many good times among the cookers. After the Montgomery main of the Georgians many of the men had assembled at a cafe. The losers—not the winners—"invited every cocker present on both sides to supper, in which about fifty gentlemen participated and enjoyed a sumptuous repast."

LAST OF FAMOUS TRAIL. Old Route Over Which Cattle Were Driven North From Texas.

Guthrie correspondence Kansas City Journal. The last vestiges of the old National cow trail, stretching up through Texas and Cimaron counties toward the northwest, will probably be obliterated by the march of a few years more of civilization, but now in spi he fact that the tread of cattle has not hear neard over this historic trail since 1890 the old trails are still marked by well defined paths, running parallel, where the cattle walked single file one behind the other. There are usually from a dozen to twentyive such paths, silent landmarks of the days when thousands of cattle were trailed north ward from southern Texas and Mexico to orth Colorado, Montana and Wyoming.

For many years the Texas cattlemen took heir herds at will across the country, all of it unienced and uncultivated, but as soon as here began to be any settlers at all in the "Oklahome Panhandle" they entered serious prothe herds because the southern cattle communicated the Texas fever to their herds. At first an attempt was made by Col. Jack Hardesty and other pioneer cowmen to prevent the passage of the southern cattle entirely, bringing on what was known as the 'Jack Hardesty war." Hardesty and his associates hired a number of armed fighting men and placed them along the route usually traversed, with instructions to stop all southern cattle. Of course the blockade was of only temporary duration, as the Texans took the matter up with the authorities at Washington and the Hardesty forces disbanded when they found themselves likely to have to face Federal troops.

As soen as the settlers became more numerous they effected an organization known as the "League," for the purpose of com-pelling the Scuthern cattle to be driven along ne well defined trail, thus minimizing the danger of infection to cattle on other parts of the range. A sort of patrol was estab-lished, one member being delegated to keep he herds on the trail and go with them part of the way through specified territory In the one or two cases where the Texans were unwilling to comply with this regulation they were visited by a committee from the league and informed that they could either follow the trail as other herds had done of the entire outfit of cattle, horses and men would be escorted back to the Texas

It has now been something like fifteen or sixteen years since driving cattle overland from the South to the Northern ranges was abandoned, and few of the present res long the line of the old trail have any idea of the number of cattle that formerly passe over it. They began coming early in May, and herd after herd passed until well up to July the herds numbering from 1,500 to 2,500 head of cattle, and with from seven to twelve men with each outfit. Each man was generally furnished with a mount of horses ranging from five to seven head.

At night the herds were rounded up on the open prairié, and guards, consisting usually of two men, would ride around them all night the riders singing continually through the night. The guard was changed three times during the night, and the fourth guard, going on at daybreak, was known as the "cocktail the duty of this guard being to move the cattle from the bed ground to grass, a little further

along the trail. The "punchers" who composed these out-fits were generally men whose ages ranged from 30 to 50 years, weatherbeaten, storm-tried and big hearted fellows. When quarreis arose the cooler heads usually prevented gun plays, and the boys fought it out with their fists. They enjoyed a game of "one come along two," and considered two deuces good enough to stay on until the raise came Their manners were often rough, but they were big hearted men, who would give their last cent to a needy friend.
Some of them, who settled down and be-

came owners themselves, are still living in the country across which they drove cattle years ago, and look back sometimes almost with a sigh of regret to the old days.

Hunter's Strange Tropby. From the Seattle Times.

The skull of a deer with its horns fastene in the fork of an alder tree not more than six inches in diameter and three feet from
the ground, partially covere dwith bark that
has grown over it in the years since the
unfortunate animal met its death, was found
by C. F. Oldenburg in the forests of Fidalgo
Island while hunting several days ago.
From the position of the bare skull and
the horns it is presumed that the deer was
trying to scratch the back of its head against
the young tree when one of its horns became
fastened under a limb, it is considered
probable that the animal's neck was broken
its efforts to extricate itself. Mr. Oldenburg estimates that the skull has been suspended from the tree where he found it for at
least two years. six inches in diameter and three feet from

DETECTIVE'S COMMENT ON THE MARKED STAMP SCHEME. racing a Leak in a Stamp Drawer-Two

Bionths of Watching Without Results If Postage Stamps Are Perforated for Identification Will It Really Help? Postmaster-General M yer amended the ostal regulations recently so that firms sing large quantities of postage stamps

may perforate them for purposes of identification, the idea being to protect those firms from theft. The th ory is that any firm which employs this method of marking the stamps used in its offices will be able to identify its stamps if they are stolen or used by others, and that the authorities will be able to prosecute those who are caught with marked stamps. That is the theory. In talking over the

matter with a Central Office detective the other day a Sun reporter got hold of a rather interesting story which illustrates the diference between theory and practice. First of all, this is what the officer had to say

about the theory.

The order provides that the holes made in the stamps shall not exceed one-sixtyfourth of an inch in diameter and that the whole space occupied by the mark shall not be more than a third of an inch square. The use of ink is forbidden.

There are several thousand firms in New

Fork city alone that use more than five hundred stamps a day. What will be the result f each and every one of them perforates its stamps? Either the possible variations in the markings would be exhausted on account of the small space available, or the markings would become so common that the majority of the stamps used would be perforated and no one would take any otice of them.

Now for the practical part of the question, the detection of the stamp thieves by the authorities. Every business man knows that stamps are stolen from almost every office in which the stamp drawer is accesible to the employees. It may be only an occasional stamp that is taken for a letter written during office hours; it may be half dozen taken for home use, or it may be a quantity large enough to be sold for puroses of revenue.

It is the last of these that will attract the attention of the authorities if the stamps are marked. Now for the detective's theory and practice story:

Just twenty years ago there was an office on Fifth avenue that did a very large mail order business when the mail order business was a new thing. This particular office received about a thousand letters a day and mailed an average of 600 circulars, mailed an average of 600 circulars, each requiring a one cent stamp, about 200 letters requiring from two to six cents postage each, besides a number of foreign and other letters requiring from ten to fifty cents

postage on each.

When a new manager took charge of the business his attention was quickly drawn to the difference between the amount spent for postage stamps and the amount that he for postage stamps and the amount that he figured should be required to cover the mail from the office. He first satisfied himself that the stamps were actually bought in the quantities charged, and then he carefully counted the mail for a few days, with the result that he found a leak of about \$4 a day in the stamp drawer.

There being five people in the back office who handled the mail, all of whom had access to the stamp drawer, the problem was to find out which was the thief-

was to find out which was the thief.

After thinking over several plans the manager went around to Mulberry street and explained the situation, and a detective was placed at his disposal to look over the ground. A careful examination of the premises and the manner in which the business was conducted led to the suggestion that each of the employees should be shadowed for a week, special attention being paid to the clerk that carried the mail bag to the branch post office twice a day.

to the branch post office twice a day.

Day and night these employees were watched. Every person they spoke to, every was noted. What money they spent was reported and the character and connec-tions of their friends were looked up. All this time the disappearance of the stamps

continued, but there was not the slightest clue as to where they went or who taking them.

The next step, suggested by the manager, was to mark the stamps. As this would have to be done every day and for every stamp used, it was an appalling job, but the

stamp used, it was an appalling job, but the manager undertook it.

The detective would come in about 10 o'clock at night, and in his presence the manager would go to the stamp drawer, open it, and make a careful sketch of the exact position of the top sheet of stamps. This being lifted off the position of the sheet underneath would be sketched, and so on down to the bottom of the drawer, so that there should be no trace of the stamps having been touched during the night in case any employee had been cunning enough to arrange them in such a manner as to detect the fact that they had

en counted. Each individual stamp was then marked

Each individual stamp was then marked with a dot of India ink between the U and the S of the line "U. S. Postage" which appeared on the stamps in those days. Then the whole batch were replaced exactly as they were before.

Facsimiles of the stamps thus marked, together with samples of the handwriting of every employee in the office, were distributed to every branch post office in New York city by the detective in charge of the case, and a special watch was set on all letters to see if any could be found which bore one of these marked stamps but did not carry the return envelope imprint of

bore one of these marked stamps but did not carry the return envelope imprint of the firm that marked them.

This watch was kept up for five weeks, but not a single letter bearing a marked stamp was ever found in the mails, except those taken to the branch post office by the firm that had marked the stamps in the first place.

Although none of the employees of the office ever visited any of the places at which stamps were bought, those places were all watched and their stamps ex-

were all watched and their stamps examined, but not a marked stamp was ever found in their possession.

The only explanation of the mystery that the detective could offer was that the thief mailed the stamps to some friend, perhaps out of town, and that the letter or package containing them was probably put into the same bag as the firm's regular mail and taken to the branch post office. In order to test this theory every letter mailed by any one in that office was examined, and when it could be identified by the handwriting was examined to see if it contained stamps. The mail bag, which was taken to the branch post office twice a day, had its contents set aside until the manager could come up at night with the detective and open every letter and package to see

could come up at night with the detective and open every letter and package to see if they could find the stamp route.

Not a sign of a stamp could be found in anything put in the mails by any person employed in that office.

As a last resort the manager suggested to the detective that it might be a good plan to separate the employees, so as to find out which one connected most closely with the disappearance of the stamps. To this end he got each of them except the mail clerk to work overtime, so as to have an excuse to tell them that they could have the whole of Saturday instead of the usual half holiday.

This left only the mail clerk in the inside office on Saturday and all he had to do was to put stamps on the mail matter that was to go out that morning, most of which

those working overtime.

As soon as the janitor was out of the office that morning the manager and the detective counted every stamp in the stamp drawer and found there were just \$29 worth

of all denominations. A watch was set to see that no one entered that office but the mail clerk, and every piece of mail that was to be sent out that day was carefully counted and a note made of the stamps it would need. This was found to be just \$9.40.

At 12 o'clock the clerk had his mail sack

filled ready to take it to the branch post office. When he went into the front office to get his salary for the week he was detained for a few minutes by the proprietor, so as to give the manager and the detective time to slip into the back office and count the stamps left in the drawer.

The stamps were \$6 short.

The only thing to do was to explain matters to the clerk and then search him and the mail bag.

ters to the clerk and then search little and the mail bag.

Exactly \$8.40 worth of stamps were found affixed to the mail matter in the bag. Not a trace could be found of the \$6 worth of stamps that were inisely, a though every letter in the bag was searched as thoroughly as the clerk himself.

If a Central Office detective with four spotters to help him and the whole Post Office Department of New York city could not find out where those stamps went to, although they followed the matter up for a period of two months, during which more than \$300 worth of stamps were stolen, of what practical value is a little perforation mark, the detective who told the story asked in conclusion.

RULER OF THE AFGHANS. Man Who Tries to Do Many Things Besides

Governing His People.

A short, stout man, who wears a gray frock coat when visiting, likes afternoor tea. plays a remarkably good game of bridge, does not hesitate to sit down at the piano and sing a song for the entertainment of a party, and after dinner has been known to speed the parting friend with long and animated conversation on the rstep this is one side of the character of Habib-Ullah Khan, Amir of Kabul, Seeker after God's Health and Lamp of the Conpregation and the Faith.

He did all these things when visiting India in the early part of last year, says the London Daily Mail. He seems to have created the impression in some minds that he was the Asiatio counterpart of the German Emperor.

He told various people whom he met that he was the best smith in Afghanistan, the best carpenter, the best drill sergeant Then be claimed to be able to preach a better sermon than any Mullah, and as a matter of fact led 700,000 people in prayer at Delhi-surely the largest prayer meeting on record. He speaks seven or eight languages; he plays cricket; he has acquired a liking for the motor car and he seems to think very highly of his own powers as a doctor.

Then, too, he apparently knows how to enjoy himself at a race meeting, and when he makes a bet, he pays on the spot if he loses. When he was in India an attendant stalked solemnly behind him, carrying a vast cashbox full of money, from which disbursements were made, when necessary. He is said to be a good sportsman, but when he plays cricket with his attendants the Amir apparently always wins. It might perhaps be risky for opponents to make a better showing.

A slight impediment in his speech is associated by tradition with an ancient palace intrigue to poison him when heir

His left hand has but four fingers, due t a gun accident some four years ago. He might have been a one armed man had it not been for the skill of a British doctor who went from India and cured an injury which seemed likely to deveop into morti-

which seemed likely to develop into mornification of the arm.

When in India his outspokenness and cheerfulness seem to have made him a general favorite. As the sun set he would stop his train at a wayside station "and invite any humble loiterer of the Faith to say his prayers with the King of Afghanistan."

He wanted to know everybody's viewe and wanted to inspect everything tha seemed likely to be useful in his homeland He stopped an army sergeant's wife to dis-cuss with her her preferences and ideals, and he made the chemical lecturer at a hospital which he visited explain the prop-erties of carbon dioxide in relation to com-

But on the other hand he would not waste any time in inspecting a little gathering of warships that had been arranged for his special benefit—the British navy cannot go through the Khyber Pass. Per-

cannot go through the knyper rass. The haps this explains the fact that he preferred to hurry off to the races rather than witness "battle practice."

Two things seemed rather to cast a shadow over him. "I hope you don't mind the bagpipes!" a neighbor asked him at one of the innumerable banquets.

"Not at all," he answered; "I have them at Kabul. "But"—with a sad smile—"they don't stand so close behind my chair."

Then too the joys of ratiway travel did not appeal to him. Is anticipation of his visit to a famous shrine a monorail was built to carry him to the sanctuary in a belewelled royal car. He looked at the monorail, he looked at the car, and then ordered a landau.

The Amir is the son of one who was a slave girl before she became one of the Queens of Afghanistan.

His harem in Kabul is not so large as that maintained by his father. Angus Hamilton says that when the Amir came to the throne three wives were divorced in order to keep

three wives were divorced in order to keep the spirit of the Koran law, which forbids the maintenance of more than four wives. Many slaves of prepossessing charms, we are told, are taken into the harem from time to time and added to the number of his to time and added to the number of his concubines. But the queens appear to exercise a strict censorship in regard to the type of slave. The hapless woman who be-comes a favorite and excites the admiration of the Amir "is generally removed."
One queen, it is recorded, "has killed with her own hands three of her slaves and with her own hands three of her slaves and personally chastiess her erring handmaidens, purposely disfiguring any whose physical attractiveness might charm the Amir."

The four wives of the Amir "occupy positions which are graduated to a recognized scale. The first wife draws an allowance of one lakh of rupees annually; the second wife receives eighty thousand rupees, the fourth wife forty thousand rupees, the fourth wife twenty thousand rupees a year."

One rather gathers that the domestic life

One rather gathers that the domestic life of the Amir is not untroubled and that the influence of his wives is not cast on the side of peace and quietness.

THE RULING PASSION. Help-From a Girl-For the Man Who Couldn't Manage His Newspaper.

Threadbare clothing, one arm in a slingthat was the first general impression of the man in the corner seat of a subway train. Good looking, well dressed and very much in love—that was the general impression of the young couple who sat opposite.

The young man left the car at the Grand

Central station The girl looked wistfully after him, but even though she missed him she was very happy. Hers was the happiness, that manifested itself in little attentions to others. She nodded at a baby further down in the car, she smiled at a woman who stumbled when walking down the aisle.

The man with the disabled arm tried to

The man with the disabled arm tried to turn a page of his evening paper. It was hard work with only one hand. The leaves got crumpled and out of place. The girl saw his difficulty.

"Let me help you," she said.
She took the paper, straightened out the pages, gave them a little pat, and handed them back. The man smiled, but he did not do much reading after that. Apparently he had lost interest in the day's news.

At 110th street the girl left the car. When she had gone the man tried to turn the pages of his paper again. That time another man volunteered assistance.

"What page would you like me to turn

volunteered assistance.

"What page would you like me to turn to?" he asked. "Perhaps you were interested in some particular article?"

"I was." said the cripple. "I am dying to get to the end of a baseball story that was begun on the first page, but the young lady turned to the fashion department. I see that contains two illustrations of wedding gowns. I'm not very much interested in that kind of stuff myself, but bless her dear, sweet soul, I couldn't hurt her feelings by telling her so."

WORKS HARDER PHYSICALLY THAN BRIVER OF CAR.

arlo Capra, Racing Companion of Eman-uel Cedrino in the Mat, Would Rather Continue to Be a Good Mechanic Than Risk Being an Unsuccessful Pilot. To the thousands of enthusiasts who watch

the progress of a big automobile road race, uch as the recent Briarcliff trophy stock car event in Westchester county, the cars and the drivers monopolize the interest, and the hard working individual who occupies the mechanic's seat at the driver's left is either totally ignored when the contest is discussed or is at best spoken of as "the man who rode with Strang," or Cedrino, Lytle or Vaughan, as the case may be.

Even the programme makers generally take no heed of the existence of the "mecanicien," as the Europeans term him, and the official Briarcliff programme had no space in all its pages for the names of the men who in a purely physical way worked far harder during the progress of the eight round struggle than did the drivers themselves. But upon the watchfulness and care of these same humble men much of the uccess or failure of a driver depends, for it is the mechanic upon whom rests the task of watching the fuel and oil supply, and should be fail in either task the skill, experience and daring of even the most amous driver must come to naught.

It is no easy task, being a mechanic of a fast car in a big road race. One of the chief duties of a mechanic is to keep a ontinual watch to the rear, to warn the driver of the approach of a car that may be overtaking the one in which he is riding. On a course that is at all rough, or even on comparatively smooth courses where the speed that can be made magnifies all of the inequalities of the road until the effect is that of travelling over a bumpy surface it becomes an interesting proble mechanic to keep his place in the small hard seat beside the driver. The latter is held down in his seat by his grip on the steering wheel and at all times must keep his head to the front, so that he knows beforehand when a bumpy place in the road is to be gone over. But the mechanic. with his head turned in the opposite direction most of the time, is bumped and bounced out of his seat continually because he cannot tell when the car will take another jump through the air after striking a raised place in the surface of the roadway.

Even provided that a driver and his car are smiled upon by-fickle fortune to the unusual extent that no tire replacements are necessary, a big road race is a very strenuous affair for the man in the nechanic's seat. Along with his regular duty of keeping a strict watch to the rear, he must have an ever watchful eye on the pressure gauges that tell of the amount of pressure for the gasolene tank and the lubricating oil tank. It is necessary to fit a hand pressure pump on the oiling system; as the exhaust which is used for pressure under ordinary conditions cannot be utilized on a racing car owing to the free exhaust on account of the absence of the muffler that would be used on a touring car. Another hand pressure pump is fitted to the fuel tank, and between the times when he is looking back for a possible nearing pursuer and hanging onto his seat as best he can the mechanic sits and works one

he can the mechanic sits and works one or the other, perhaps both, of these two hand pressure pumps.

Carlo Capra, racing companion of Emanuel Cedrino in the Fiat that made the four fastest rounds in the Briareliff race, may well be called a typical vacing mechanic, and it is safe to say that of all the thousands who have watched Cedrino drive and those many other thousands who have read or heard of the Italian's feats as a record breaker at Ormond beach or a race con-5 per cent. have ever given a second thought to the man who has shared the perils, vic-tories and defeats of Cedrino.

to the man who has shared the perils, victories and defeats of Cedrino.

Capra was born in Turin, Italy, on November 25, 1881, and his sister is Mrs. Emanuel Cedrino. Capra himself is still a bachelor. He learned the trades of toolmaking and woodworking and began working for a subsidiary company of the Fiat concern at Turin six or seven years ago, being employed as an ironworker in a plant where the bonnets, mud guards, fenders and other parts of Fiat cars were made. He changed from this to the Fiat works, and worked for eight months in the motor department of the Fiat factory before coming to this country in October, 1904. He has been employed by the Fiat agency in this country ever since, and two years ago began driving cays himself, as part of his regular task of adjusting chasses before turning them over to coach builders before turning them over to coach builders for the bodies to be fitted to them before

delivery to customers.

He has been with Cedrino in many of the latter's races during the last couple of years and sat with him when the famous distance are making new long distance. of years and sat with him when the famous driver was making new long distance records with the Fiat Cyclone at the Ormond Beach race meet of the Automobile Club of America in Florida during the first week of March. He was also with Cedrino when the latter was one of the winning team that won the second twenty-four hour race at Morris Park last fall. He has driven so much with his brother-in-law that they understand each other perfectly and Cedrino does not have to tell Capra what to do. drino does not have to tell Capra what to do, as the latter knows what is expected of

him and does it promptly, Capra scorns those mechanics who fix handles on the backs of their seats to hang Capra scorns those mechanics who had handles on the backs of their seats to hang on by while a race is in progress, and asserts that a good mechanic should be able to stay in his seat without handles and should keep his hands busy with the pressure pumps anyway. During the Briarcliff race he was not called upon to do any tire replacing, but a couple of ready flated tires mounted on detachable rims were carried on the fuel tank behind Cedrino and Capra. Even if they had no chance to show how quickly they could change a tire, they had plenty of this sort of work during their practice, as E. R. Hollander, who entered the Fiat they had charge of, insisted that they keep on practising the work of taking off and replacing a tire until they had done very proficient at the task, but luckily their skill in this direction was not needed.

Capra says the only thing that bothered him at all after the Briarcliff race had ended was his stomach, which was as sore as if

was his stomach, which was as sore as if it had been pounded by a prize fighter, the result of the constant bouncing and bump-ing he had received during the 5 hours and 21 minutes he was being carried so rapidly 21 minutes he was being carried so rapidly over the rough course in Westchester county. He had not eaten anything since the night before at 8 o'clock, but says he was not at all hungry when the race was finished. He was very thirsty, however, and tells of some motorists who took some oranges and soda water out of the hamper and gave them to him, which he declares "was very fine indeed."

When he was asked if he had been frightened at any time during the progress of the

when he was asked if he had been fright-ened at any time during the progress of the contest he shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I am sure when I go with Cedrino he is one good driver and I never get scared." he is one good driver and I never get scared. There was no chance to turn over on the curves; he knows just how to take them." When he was shown a photograph of a wide skidding turn that Cedrino had made around a corner and asked if he had not been frightened, he waved his hands and said it could not have been dangerous, for if it had he would have remembered it, especially if there had been any danger of upsetting.

At present he is contented to continue being mechanic for Cedrino, to whom he is greatly attached, and has no ambition to become a racing driver, for the present at least. He was asked if he would like to be a race driver himself, but he shook his head and made a gesture of dissent with his hands, saying: "Better, don't you know, to be good mechanic than to try to be a driver and maybe not be very good."

Andy Bevery Decides in Favor of the Doctor.

A small-or terhaps it would be more elegant to say petit (and if it is, by all means let us say petit)—a petit fox terrier, appar-ently of distinguished lineage and belong-ing to the Order of the Pink Bow Ribbon, ascended with tottering forefeet the steps of the Church street police station a few days ago, and seating himself before the door, lifted up his voice and howled. What-ever alled the handsome animal, it was not his lungs. He howled till his chin whiskers

bristled with emotion.

The stillness enshrouding the Church street station was broken only by the grind ing roar of the elevated overhead and the drope of surface cars on the side. So peace ful and quiet and serene was it that Lieut. Andy Devery behind the desk gazed at the bare walls before him and the bare, worn floor with just the slightest sense of drowsi-ness. Of the catapulting sounds without he took no heed, but in interstices of silence his trained ear heard the dog's cry.

At first Lieut. Devery paid little attention to the wail, but when Nigger, the station house dog, from the back took up the strain and voice called unto voice, deep called unto deep, he sat up straight and pressed a button for one of the men that the duet might be ended.

Before he could send the man out, however, there came words increasingly loud and the door of the station opened with a bang. A straight, severe lady with horned owl on her hat rushed in attended closely by a young man who looked as if he had been getting Hail Columbia. The young man held the petit fox terrier, but the woman had hold of the pink ribbon, which having slipped was slowly but effec-tually checking the animal's cries by strangulation.

"Officer," opied the female, "as an antivivisectionist as well as a woman I entreat you to protect this helpless creature!"

At this Lieut. Devery did indeed begin to sit up and take notice. "Lieutenant," cried the young man, "this dog is suffering and should receive a vet-

erinarian's care. "Officer," cried the anti-vivisectionist, "this man would cut this innocent animal up for the purpose of science. I found him trying to coax the poor creature away to its doom. Will you allow such a thing at your very door?" "Now, madam, just a moment," began

"Now, madam, just a moment, began Lieut. Devery in his most pacificatory manner. "First of all, unchoke the dog."

As the pink ribbon was loosened the fox terrier became louder and louder. At the sound Nigger emerged from the back room and immediately the stranger forgot his woes. He gazed at Nigger in a most por-

tentous manner. In this advantageous lull the lieutenant In this advantageous lull the lieutenant managed to hear the narrative of the antivivisectionist. She had found the young man trying to coax the dog from the station house steps. He had admitted the dog was not his. He contended that the creature was suffering from earache, since the animal pawed one ear incessantly. But she knew better. It was plain this young man was a vivisectionist; he had had the assurance to admit he was a doctor, leaving only one possible conclusion.

"All I wanted to do," volunteered the young doctor, was to take the poor little fellew to some place where he would be doctored. I'm no veterinarian, but I'll bet my hat the dog's got mastoiditis, and if his ear isn't attended to he'll be a dead dog before long.

dog before long.

Before Lieut. Devery could look up mastaiditis in the encyclopædia in the mastoiditis in the encyclopædia in the captain's room there came a loud cry from the doctor. He pointed to Nigger, who now that the fox terrier had been put down on the floor was sniffing noses in a court-

on the floor was snifting noses in a courteous way.

Nigger sitting before his visitor was carefully pressing with his paw against the
stranger's left ear just back of the lobe.
The small dog's wails changed to sharp
staccato cries of paia, but he made no effort
to resist Nigger.

"Well, by gum," exclaimed the lieutenant
in smaze. "Young man, I guess you're

"Well, by gum," exclaimed the lieutenant in anaze. "Young man, I guees you're right. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me your name and address and show me you're responsible. I'll let you take the dog and have him fixed up."

The young dector was vastly pleased at this, and picking up, the fox terrier he beat it away even while the female anti-vivisectionist was, in the midst of a prolonged grotest comminged with threats to lay the case before the S. P. C. A., Police Headquarters and the Great Father at Washington.

Several cays later the young doctor came around to tell Lieut. Devery how the dog had been taken to a celebrated veterinarian, how an operation had been decided upon, how the small fox terrier had wriggled away from the sweet smelling cope and had emerged, to consciousness later with a bandaged head but happy and free of all pain.

"There is one thing that is too had

"There is one thing that is too bad,
"There is one thing that is too bad,
"He's a handsome dog and rather a valuable one, but he'll no longer be able to prick
up one of his ears. It's too bad."

KANSAS WOMEN IN OFFICE. Many Have Been County Officials, Espe cially in Western Part of State.

From the Kansas ,City .Journal. The appointment of Mrs. Levi Cooper as Probate Judge of Mitchell county by Gov. Hoch and the discussions that resulted from this appointment have developed the fact that nearly every kind of office in the State except State offices has one or more woman occupant. Mrs. Cooper is the only woman in the State

who is serving as Probate Judge. However there is one woman County Attorney in Kan-sas. Miss Oala Heimline is serving her third term as County Attorney of Seward county.
Western Kansas has had several women County Attorneys, but the custom never ap-pears to have become popular in the eastern Johnson has just completed a term as County Treasurer. There are half a dozen or more County Registers of Deeds in the State and probably thirty women County Superinten-dents of Schools.

So far as is known there are no women in

Kansas serving as clerks of the District courts or County Commissioner. However, several have served as Mayors of cities. In several instances there have been women candidates for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, but they were not elected. The Socialists at their recent convention in

Topeka nominated a Girard woman for State Superintendent in spite of a strong speech made against it by her husband.

Arab Marksmanship. From the London Globe.

Regarding the war in Morocco, the last stages of which wrought havoc among the French troops, a French Journal recalls a emark once made by the French General, Canrobert, in describing the taking of Zaatcha

Canrobert, in describing the taking of Zaatcha in the Arabian campaign.

"All around me," asid the famous General, "the staff officers were being killed like flies. I alone remained untouched. Why? For a very simple reason. As usual, I was wearing full dress uniform, with all my decorations and media glistening in the sun. Consequently the Arabs aimed at me personally."

The times have changed since then, and the Moroccans are better marksmen, as the French troops found to their cost.

Teaching of Experience.

From the Kansas City Journal. Dr. Ethelbert Gilbert of Duluth is willing in marriage ceremonies to omit, whenever requested to, the obnexious "to obey." Que of Dr. Gilbert's parishioners took him to task about this matter the other day. "What right have you," he said, "to tamper with the marriage ceremony?"

Dr. Gilbert, not at all perturbed, laughed easily.

"Oh, well," he said, "that 'obey' is a dead letter anyway. The very best woman in the world promised to obey me eighteen years ago, but she hasn't to this day.

MOST PROFITABLE ACRES. nall Plot of Cultivated Ground in Ty That Angually Yields \$15,000.

From the Westmanster Gazette. The possibilities of profitable gardening England are exemplified by an acre of the ultivated on the French system of intent culture, which in the last completed year is said to have yielded £225 in gross returns.

This probably constitutes a record for England, the nearest approach known to the edsman on the Great Western line bet-ondon and Oxford, which has yielded is

year flower seeds to the value of £270.

In Samos £80 to £80 is the average yield an acre of land planted in cocoa; in Georgis £80 worth of eggplants have been picked from a single acre, and pineapple farms in the West Indies often pay as much as £100 an acre. Such yields as these, however, are trivial ompared with that of an acre of vineyard in the Moselle wine growing district which was sold a few years ago for nearly £24,000, and which produces a crop worth £2,500; or with which produces a crop worth £2,500; or with that acre of land in Tibet on which grows the sacred tree of a thousand images, the leaves of which yield an annual revenue ex-beeding £3,000.

From One Maple 23 Pounds of Sugar. From the Philadelphia Record. The thirty-five pails of sap from a single maple on Charles Huislander's farm in Sulli-van, reported last week, averaged three gallons to the pail.

Allowing a barrel of sap to seven pounds of sugar there was made from this one tree almost twenty-three pounds of sugar. The tree, which does not appear to have suffered from its big flow, is about two feet through at the butt and was tapped in five places.



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